

annwn tales: heads you lose...

PROG 499
6 DEC 86

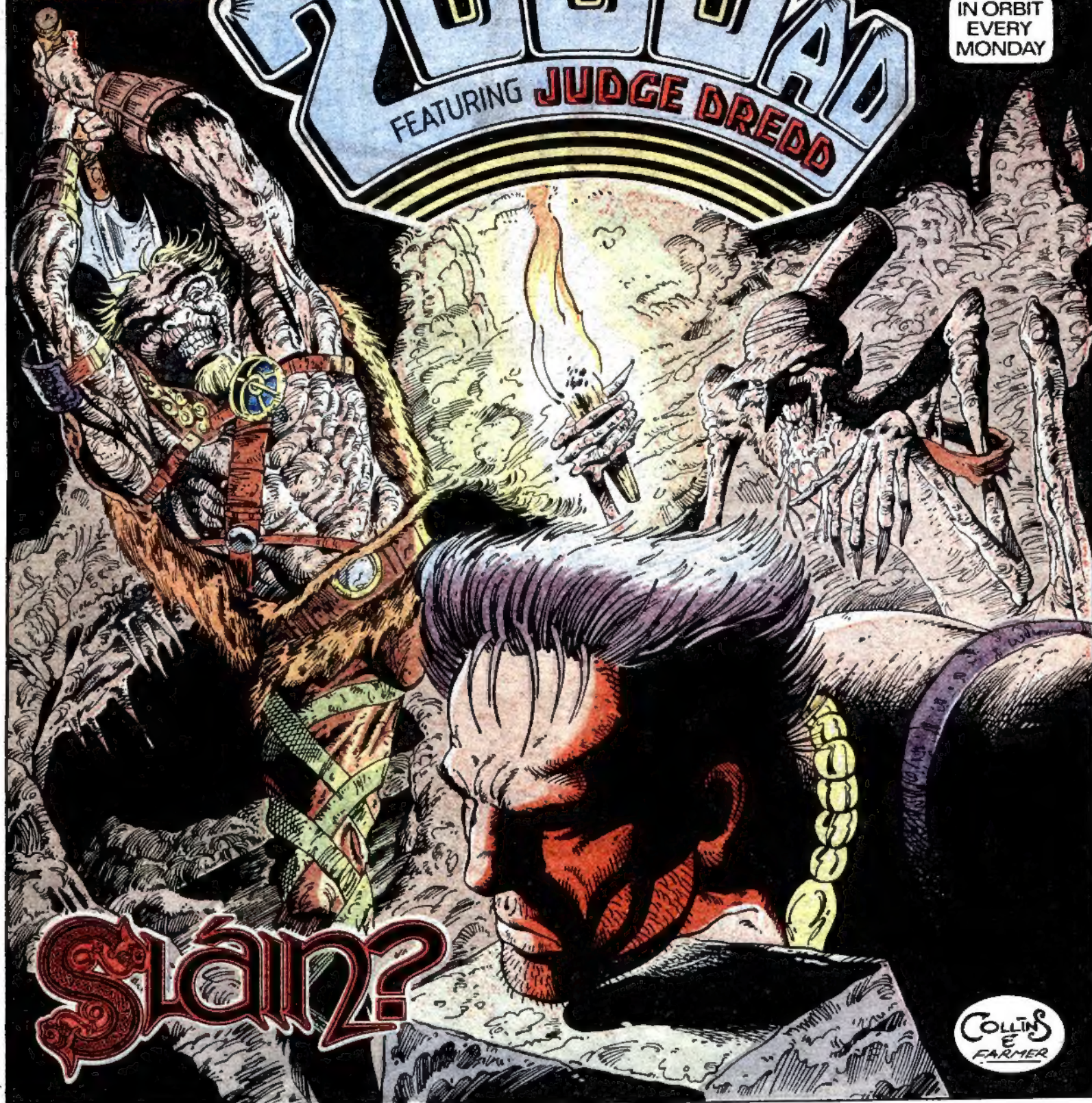
51 60 Malaysia
70c Australia
77c New Zealand
(inc. GST)
80c Mercury
210c Venus
69c Mars
110c Saturn
2c Pluto
425c Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



Slán?

COLLINS
FARMER

Slàine

THE LAST SIGN WAS PISCES...
REPRESENTED BY TWO
SALMON OF WISDOM LEAPING
FROM THE WATER, GUARDING
A GREAT ORC* SUBMERGED
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
LAKE...



WE SAT ON THE HILL
WHICH FORMED ONE
OF THEM... WEARY-
ALL HILL, THE
TRADITIONAL RESTING
PLACE FOR PILGRIMS
APPROACHING
JOURNEY'S END...

THERE NEXT
EXPLAINED SLÀINE'S
FINAL TASK...

THE KING OF
ANNWN'S 'CASTLE'
LIES DEEP INSIDE
THE ORC...

IT'S THERE
YOU MUST GO
TO HONOUR YOUR
BARGAIN AND GAIN
THE SPOILS OF
ANNWN.

LOOK, SLÀINE,
NO-ONE WILL THINK
ANY THE WORSE OF
YOU IF YOU DON'T
GO THROUGH WITH
IT. FORGET IT,
EH?

I CAN'T,
UKKO. MY
HONOUR
IS AT
STAKE.

WHO NEEDS
HONOUR? I TELL
YOU, I'D RATHER
BE A LIVE COWARD
THAN A HEADLESS
HERO!

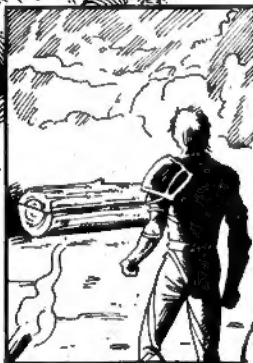
SLÀINE!

*ORC - CELTIC NAME FOR A WHALE.





THE TUNNEL SURFACED IN THE
'FISHER-KING'S' CASTLE...



HELLO,
DEARIE! WE'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU! HEH,
HEH, HEH!

THE
GODDESS
OF
DEATH!

THE TITAN WAS NO LONGER WEARING HIS GREENERY AND SLAINE COULD SEE HOW HE CAME BY HIS NAME... GWYN—THE PALE ONE...

PALE AS DEATH...

SO GLAD YOU COULD COME. I'LL JUST GET MY AXE.

I LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS ONE. LET'S FEEL YOUR MUSCLES, SONNY...

MMM. YOUNG AND FIRM. THE WAY I LIKE 'EM.

PUT YOUR HEAD ON THAT ROCK. I WON'T KEEP YOU A MOMENT.

YOU SEE MY HUSBAND HAD THIS TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. SO HE CAN NO LONGER MAKE THE EARTH FERTILE. HASN'T GOT IT IN HIM, ANYMORE. NOT LIKE YOU—EH, DEARIE?

RIGHT! THIS IS IT!

DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED, DEARIE. IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A MOMENT.

SORRY. COULD YOU STRETCH YOUR NECK OUT A BIT? YOUR TORCH IS IN THE WAY.

THAT'S BETTER. THANKS. ALL RIGHT—HERE WE GO.

SORRY ABOUT THIS—THE LIGHT'S REALLY BAD. CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M DOING. COULD WE HAVE THE TORCH A LITTLE CLOSER?

HOW'S THAT?

OH, THAT'S MUCH BETTER.

JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF OLD MOTHER EARTH... AND NEXT MOMENT WE'LL BE TOGETHER FOR EVER AND EVER!

YOU TORMENT ME! KILL ME QUICKLY! I DIDN'T TORMENT YOU LAST NIGHT WHEN I TOOK YOUR BRAIN BALL!



WELL, YOU WANT ME TO DO A GOOD, CLEAN JOB, DON'T YOU? YOU DON'T WANT ME TO JUST HACK YOUR HEAD OFF!

HEH, HEH, HEH!

VERY WELL!

NOW FOR...

THE DEATH BLOW!

GET ON WITH IT, YOU —!

RISE, SLAINE! I RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR CONTRACT. YOU HAVE PASSED THE FINAL TEST!

WHEN SLAINE TURNED ROUND THE GODDESS HAD GONE...

TO THE VICTOR MUST GO THE SPOILS, PROVIDED HE HATH THE KEY THAT SHALL UNLOCK THE TREASURE CHEST.

DO YOU HAVE THE KEY?

WORDS SEEMED TO SPRING INTO SLAINE'S MIND...

I HAVE.

WHAT IS THE KEY?

THE KEY IS A QUESTION.

WHAT IS THE QUESTION?

TO WHOM SERVETH THE SPOILS OF ANNWN?

THAT IS THE RIGHT KEY. IT MEANS YOU WISH TO AND ARE READY TO UNDERSTAND THE INNER MYSTERIES AND CAN VALUE THE GREATEST TREASURE OF ALL...

THE SPOILS OF ANNWN.

BEHOLD, AROUND YOU...

THE
CAVE...
IT'S
FULL OF
STARS!

"YES... THE STARS ARE THE SPOILS OF ANNWN..."

"THEY SERVE ALL MANKIND FOR THE
ZODIAC IS IMPRINTED ON THE EARTH
AND IN THE HEAVENS AS A PATTERN
AND A GUIDE TO US ALL..."

"IN YOUR EARTH QUEST YOU HAVE
SHOWN THE STAR QUALITIES A SUN-
KING NEEDS TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE..."

"COURAGEOUS PATIENT RESPONSIBLE
MERCIFUL FERTILE EXCITING
STRONG CAUTIOUS HOPEFUL
MYSTICAL

"BY GAINING THESE QUALITIES
YOU HAVE BECOME THE

**Master of
the Stars!"**

ONCE BEFORE DEAD KINGS
HAD SPOKEN TO SLAINE IN
THE DARKNESS OF A WOMB-
CAVE. BUT THEN HE HAD
BEEN TOO YOUNG TO LISTEN...

NOW... IN THE SIGN OF THE
FISH, THE SIGN OF ENLARGED
CONSCIOUSNESS... THE DEAD
GIANT COMMUNICATED HIS
GREAT KNOWLEDGE TO HIM.

THE ONCE

AND THE
FUTURE
KING

HOW A SUN KING IS A
CAREFULLY PREPARED SOLAR
GENERATOR WHO RADIATES
THE ENERGY OF THE LIGHT
TO HIS TRIBE.

HOW WHEN HE DIES AND
RETURNS TO THE MOTHER,
HE CONTINUES TO
COMMUNICATE EARTH-
MAGIC TO THE LIVING.

HOW THE WAY TO THE STARS IS
THROUGH THE EARTH-WOMB WHICH
IS THE STAR-GATE TO THEM.

MEANWHILE, NEST WAS EXPLAINING IT ALL TO ME...

...SO YOU
SEE THE SEARCH
FOR THE SPOILS OF
ANNWN IS REALLY
A QUEST FOR SELF-
KNOWLEDGE...
A JOURNEY FROM
IGNORANCE TO
ENLIGHTENMENT.



AAH! AAH!
I'M GOING TO
KILL MYSELF!
I'M GOING TO KILL
MYSELF!



TRY TO UNDERSTAND,
UKKO... THE TREASURES
OF THE HIGHER PLANES OF
CONSCIOUSNESS ARE WORTH
FAR MORE THAN THE MERE
PHYSICAL PLANE.

WELL HOW CAN I HELP
SLAINE SPEND ENLIGHTEN-
MENT? OR USE IT TO PIG
OUT ON A THREE DAY
BANQUET? OR HAVE A
TROUPE OF EXOTIC
DANCING GIRLS
PANDERING TO MY
EVERY WHIM?
ANSWER ME THAT,
MISS FANCY
DRAWERS! EH?EH?
NO, YOU CAN'T,
CAN YOU?



YURSSS... GIVE
ME THE PLEASURES
OF THE FLESH ANYDAY.
I'D RATHER BE
PIG-IGNORANT AND
STINKING RICH THAN
CATCH...
ENLIGHTENMENT.

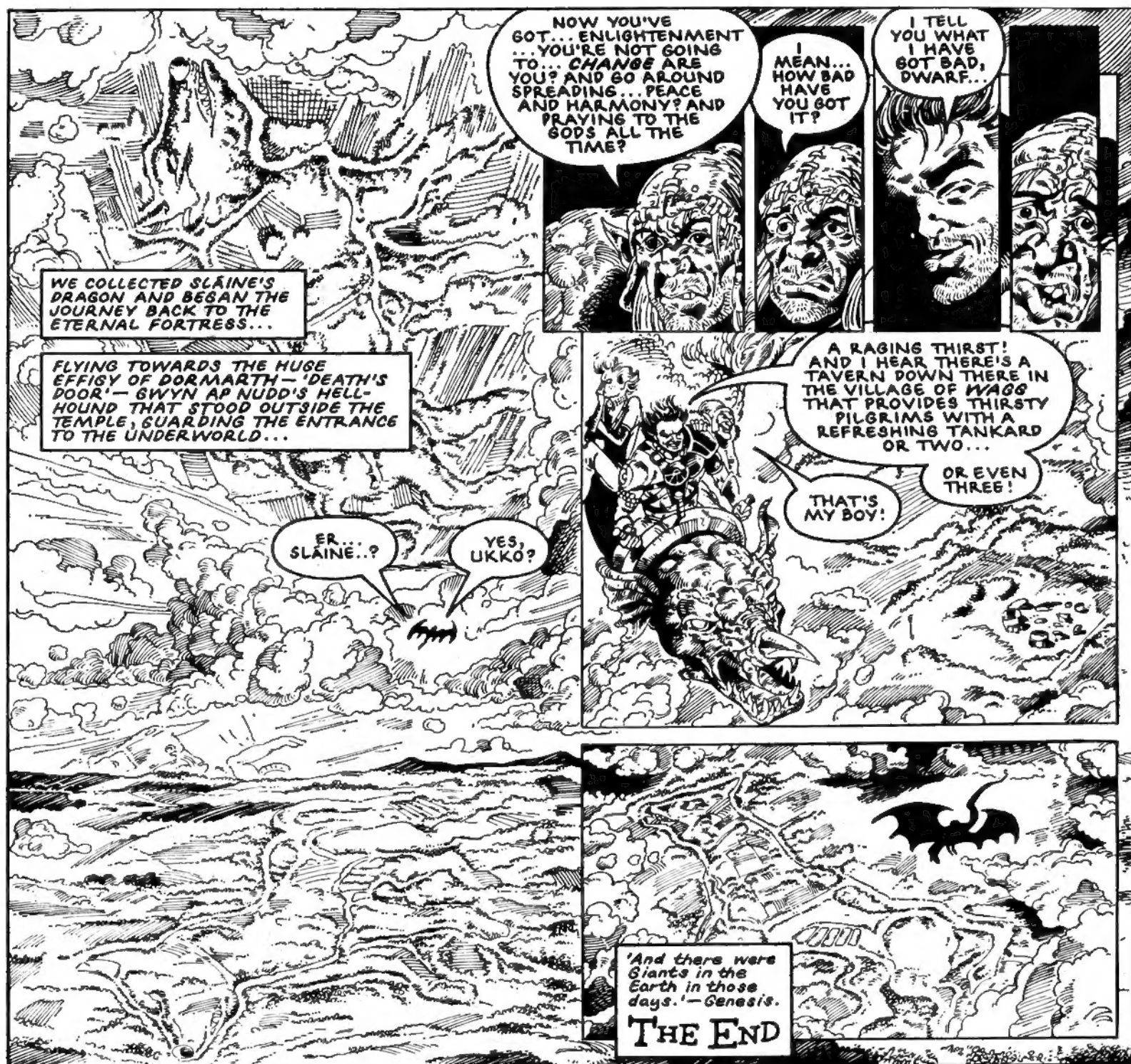
I CAN SEE
THERE'S NO
HOPE FOR YOU,
UKKO.

FOR THREE DAYS SLAINE WAS
IN THE BELLY OF THE ORC
BEING ENLIGHTENED...
THEN... ON THE THIRD DAY...

SLAINE!

WHAT
KEPT
YOU?





The Glastonbury Legends

An aura of magic and mystery has always surrounded Glastonbury. In medieval times two skeletons—one male, one female—were found near Glastonbury Tor, sixteen feet down in a hollowed-out tree trunk. The man was a giant, over eight feet long, whose enormous skull showed scars from ten or more blows. The wounds had all healed but for one huge gash—the death blow. The monks who discovered the body recorded that 'the space between the eyebrows and the eye-sockets was as broad as the palm of a man's hand'. Modern excavations confirm a coffin was found at this depth. There are also legends of a tunnel from the Tor leading down to the burial place.

A Christian church built on the top was later destroyed by a freak earthquake. Even today, it seems to retain some of its ancient power. A women's group who 'threaded the maze' in honour of the Earth Goddess planned to spend May Day Eve on the summit. During the night they saw... 'Strange lights... wild and amazing lightning constantly criss-crossing the sky. Figures illuminated against the sky... weird visual experiences.' The effect was so uncanny it forced them off the Tor.



SOONER OR LATER

BY MILLIGAN/MCCARTHY/FRAME

MICKY SWIFT HAS RETURNED TO THE FAMILY HOME, AND LIKE MANY A TIME TRAVELLER, HAS NOT BEEN GREATLY MISSED. IN REAL TIME, OF COURSE, HE'S ONLY BEEN GONE TWO DAYS. (AND THE FIRST ONE TO MENTION EINSTEIN GETS SHOT).

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU NEVER GOT MY LETTER FROM ETHER CITY?

WHAT I SAY, SON. GOT A POSTCARD FROM AUNT MARINA. HER BOILS ARE PLAYING UP AGAIN.

OH. AND THE DOLE OFFICE CALLED. SOMETHING ABOUT YOU NOT SIGNING ON WHEN YOU SHOULD.



WHY DIDN'T YOU SIGN ON, SWIFT? THE TRUTH! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOU SCROUNGERS SUCKING THE STATE DRY!

IT'S A CUT THROAT WORLD, SWIFT! AND IT DOESN'T OWE YOU A LIVING!

SAME OLD JUNK.

SO MICKY, WHO WAS ALWAYS TOLD BY HIS MOTHER AND FATHER (WHEN SOBER) TO TELL THE TRUTH, TOLD THE NICE MAN WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM IN ETHER CITY...

THE RESULTS WERE NOT SURPRISING...

LYING GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LOAFER!

ON YER BIKE!



NEXT
THE LAST
EPISODE!

PLANET M-17. A MERCENARY
BASE IN THE WAR ZONE —

THE WHOLE
CAMP'LL BE
ALERTED
NOW.

YOU OKAY,
MIDDEN-
FACE?

WEEL
ENOUGH TAE
GIVE THAE
SCUNNERS
LADY!

Strontium DOG

2000AD
Credit Card:

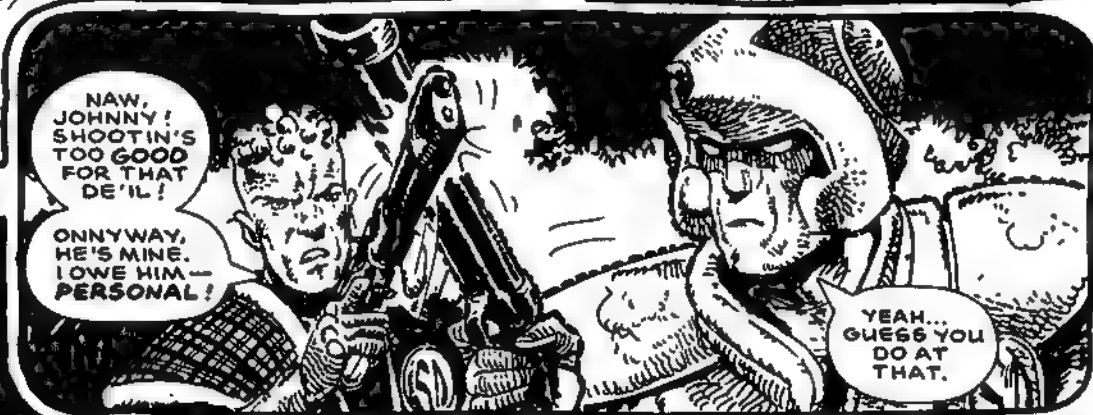
SCRIPT: ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART: ROBOT
C. EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
KID ROBSON

COMPU-73e

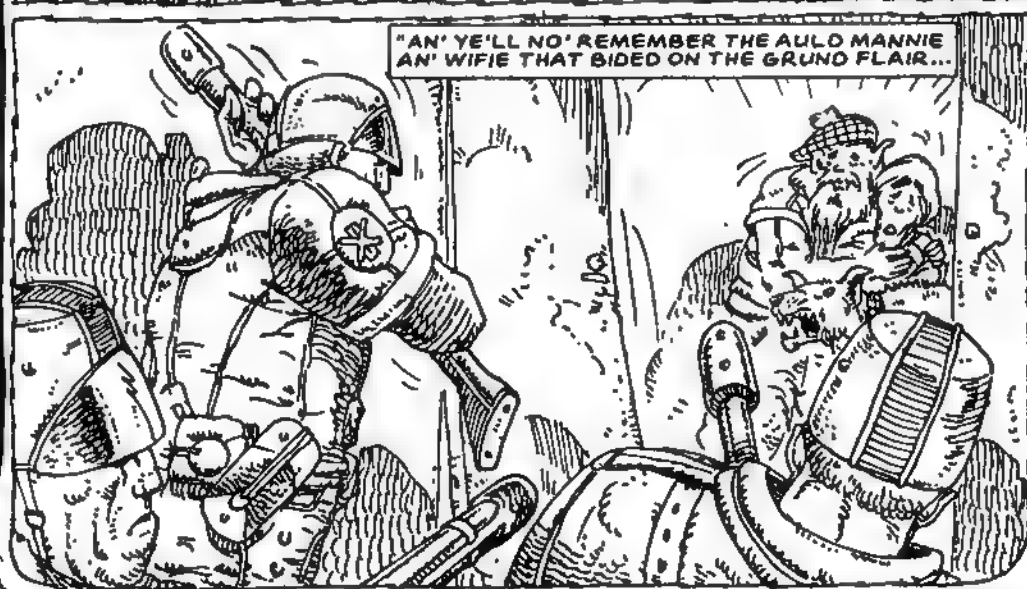
WAR ZONE

CONCLUSION









"...NOR THE BIG BLACK DUG THAT LEAPT AT YER TOADIES WHEN THEY BURST IN THE DOOR —"





NERVE CENTRE



BURAU THONGU. EARTHLETS.

By the time you read these words of wisdom, you will already have been concussed by the conclusions to my current SLAINE and STRONTIUM DOG tales, while the episode of SOONER OR LATER which you're still trying to digest is the last in the series but one. That grand finale will follow this prog's JUDGE DREDD story (featuring a welcome return for veteran Art Robot Ron Smith), and after that - if you're still up to it - you can tackle 7 scroting pages of GI blues in the final episode of ROGUE TROOPER. "But, Tharg, I hear you cry, "how will we cope when all these thrills have been taken from your cosmic comic? What will sustain our circuits in their stead?" Dredd, of course...plus the return of Johnny Alpha in Prog 505, while Rogue will be returning in Prog 520, when he'll be planning to stay for the duration. Oh yes, and there are also a few new thrills to keep you going - see below for details. Terrans, and relax...the future is

ENTRZ!

SPLENDID FOR THARG!

THARG

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, THE COMMAND MODULE, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.

2.

3.

I Dislike:

My Age is 499

NEXT WEEK: THE LEGENDARY PROG 500!

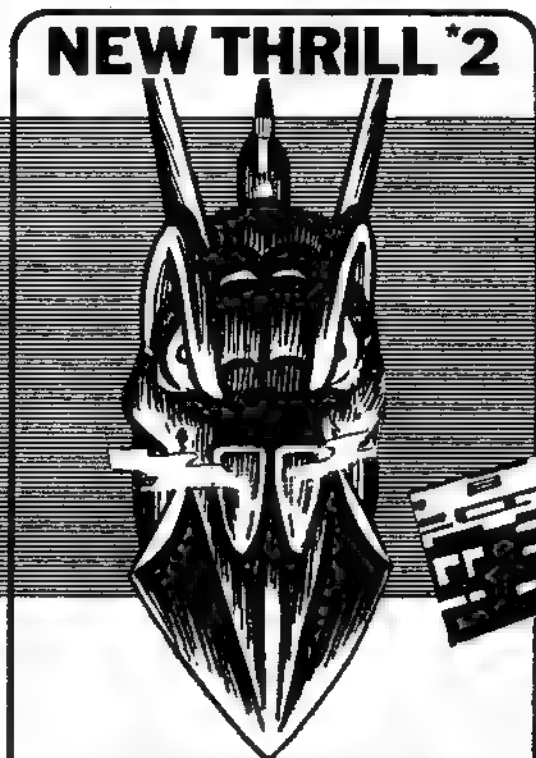
NEW THRILL *1

NEW THRILL *2

NEW THRILL *3



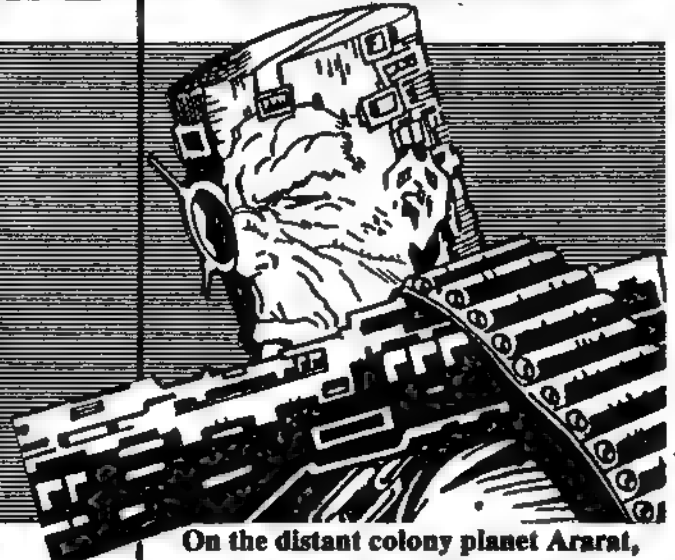
Slaine is returning to his tribe after years of exile - unaware that his people are under the webbed foot of the tyrannical Fomorian invaders! Join Ukko the dwarf on the back of the awesome flying dragon, The Knucker, at the start of a quest that will end with the proclamation.....



It is the end of the world...and surrounded as they are by the terrifying Monads - the psychic entities warped in Torquemada's 'purification' plants - can it also be the end for Nemesis and The ABC Warriors? Find out in the circuit-shattering conclusion to.....



PART SIX



On the distant colony planet Ararat, Earth forces wage a bloody war against a vicious alien enemy. It is a war they dare not lose, but one they cannot win without the help of one man...a man feared even by the dreaded Krool, a man who leads the foul pack of war-dogs known as.....



AAGH!

AIEE!

YEAH ? WELL,
WE AIN'T!
HAW HAW!

WE'RE
HELL'S
PACKERS!

AHH!

**WE'RE
HELL'S
PACKERS!**

DREDD TO CONTROL!
WE HAVE A **MID-AIR**
RUMBLE, CHESTER DOGG
I WANT AN H-WAGON -
AERIAL UNITS -
PRONTO!

AHH!

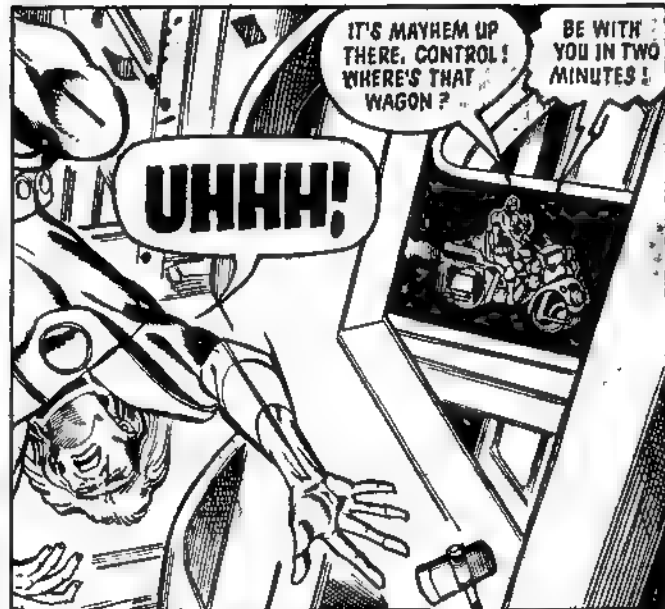


PUT ME DOWN!
PUT ME DOWN!



WITH
PLEASURE,
SIMP!

A
A
A
A
A
H!



IT'S MAYHEM UP
THERE. CONTROL!
WHERE'S THAT
WAGON?

BE WITH
YOU IN TWO
MINUTES!

UHHH!



A LOT OF PEOPLE
CAN DIE IN TWO
MINUTES —
GOTTA TAKE
ACTION NOW!

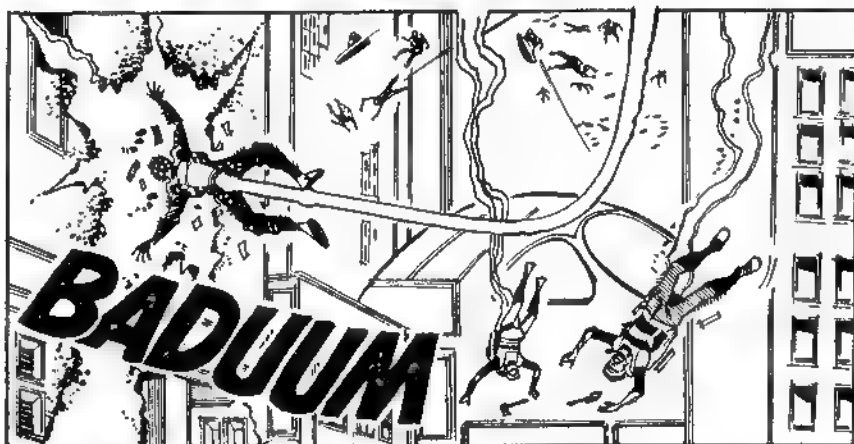
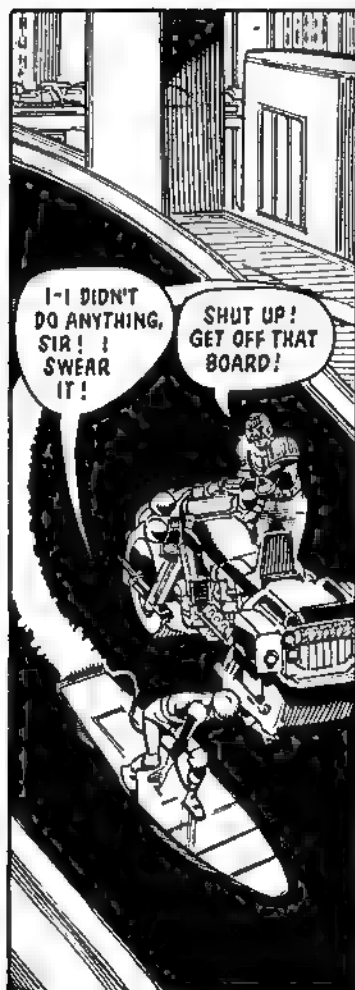
AGH!



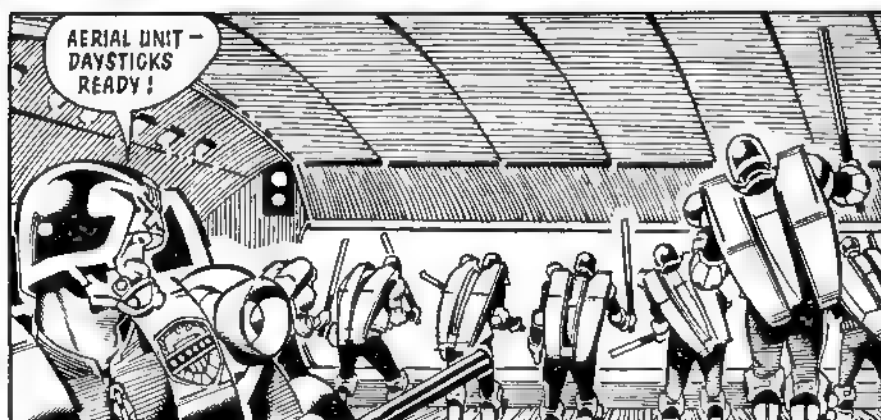
WHUMPP



YOU - JUVE!
HERE!







THEY ARE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S
ELITE AERIAL UNIT. THEY HAVE
THEIR ORDERS - TAKE PRISONERS
IF THEY CAN... BUT DON'T WORRY
TOO MUCH ABOUT IT IF THEY CAN'T!



FACED BY A LEVEL OF BRUTALITY WITH WHICH THEY ARE
TOTALLY UNEQUIPPED TO COPE, THE HELL'S PACKERS CUT
THEIR LOSSES.

I-I SURRENDER!

NO MORE!
PLEASE!

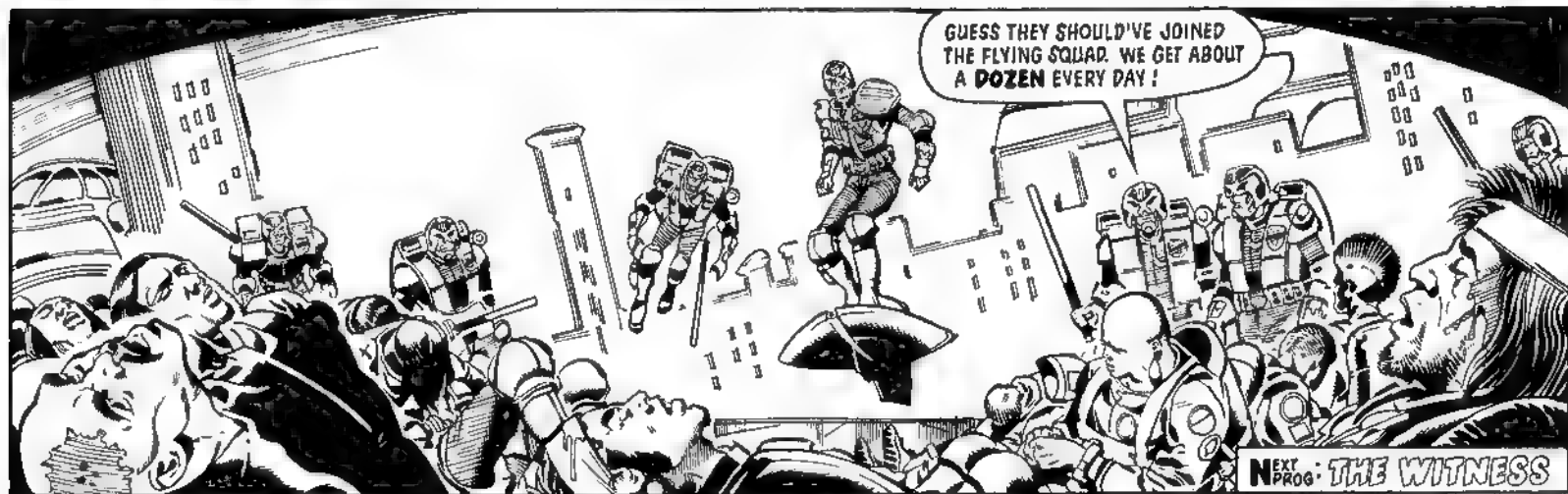


WHAT MAKES THEM
THINK THEY CAN GET
AWAY WITH IT,
DREDD?



I DON'T THINK THEY CARE.
ONE MOMENT OF GLORY - THAT'S ALL
THESE CREEPS ARE LOOKING FOR!

GUESS THEY SHOULD'VE JOINED
THE FLYING SQUAD. WE GET ABOUT
A DOZEN EVERY DAY!



NEXT
PROG: THE WITNESS

EPISODE TWO

THE BATTLE

YIP<2

.. AND DIE SCUM!!

THE LAST OF THE CREATURES
DRAWS ITS FINAL BREATH

phuuu

NOTHING MUCH TO BE FOUND... A FEW
COPPERS, AN OLD BONE AND THIS... **A MAP!**
THIS COULD LEAD US TO SOME REAL TREASURE!

WHAT COULD
HAPPEN NEXT?

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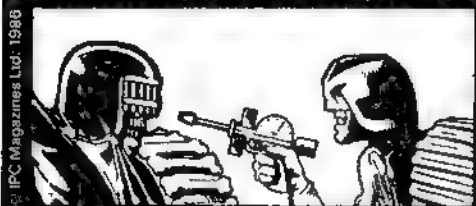
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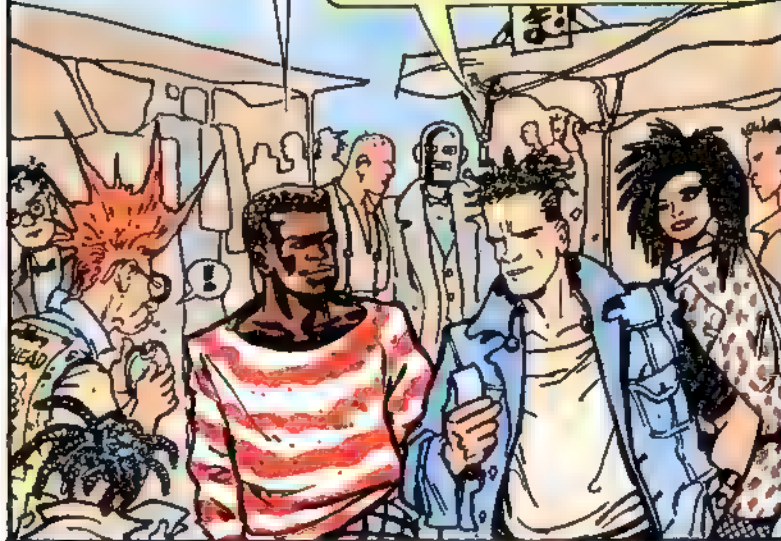
SOONER LATER

WHAT'S GOT TWO WHITE ARMS AND TWO BLACK ARMS, TWO WHITE LEGS AND TWO BLACK LEGS, ONE BLACK HEAD AND ONE WHITE HEAD, AND AN INVITATION TO GO TO A PARTY IN THE 31ST CENTURY?

THREE GUESSES...

WHAT, SHE JUST GAVE IT TO YOU AND SAID COME ALONG? DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT BRINGING MATES, DID SHE?

SHE DIDN'T, BUT I COULD PROBABLY SWING IT, CLINTON.

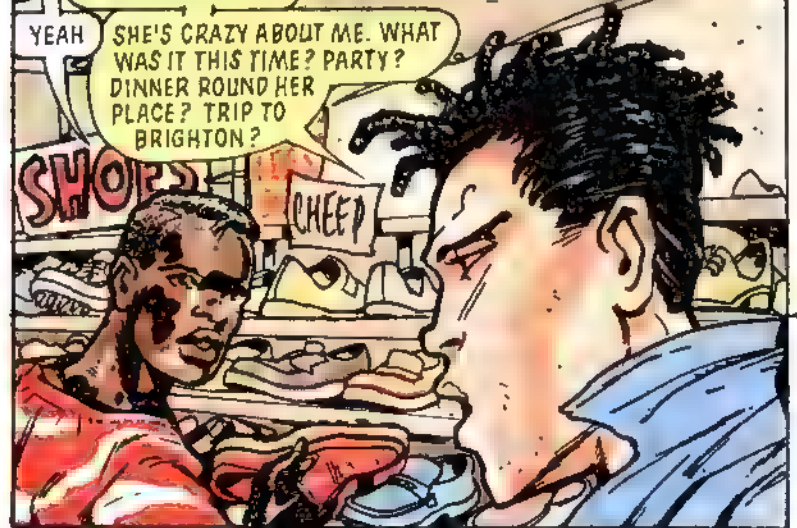


RITE OF LARP INNIT?

HMMM...

TALKING ABOUT GIRLS, WENDY WAS ASKING AFTER YOU THE BLONDE ONE?

YEAH SHE'S CRAZY ABOUT ME. WHAT WAS IT THIS TIME? PARTY? DINNER ROUND HER PLACE? TRIP TO BRIGHTON?



I THINK IT WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH A FIVER SHE WANTED TO BORROW.

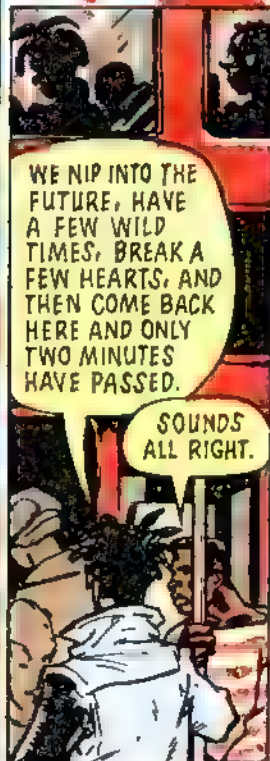
MAYBE WE COULD BRING HER ALONG. INTO THE FUTURE, LIKE.

NO POINT. IT'S ALL RELATIVE, INNIT? WE CAN BE LIKE PLAYBOYS, BUZZING ABOUT THE TIMEWAYS...



WE NIP INTO THE FUTURE, HAVE A FEW WILD TIMES, BREAK A FEW HEARTS, AND THEN COME BACK HERE AND ONLY TWO MINUTES HAVE PASSED.

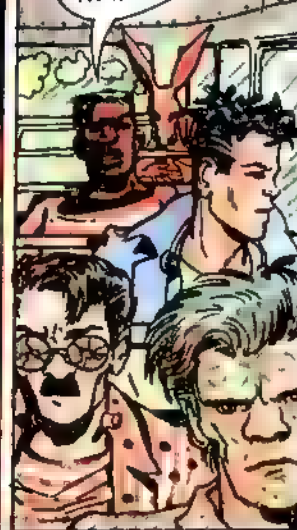
SOUNDS ALL RIGHT.



SO, ER, WHEN ARE YOU, ER, THINKING OF GOING?

WHERE?

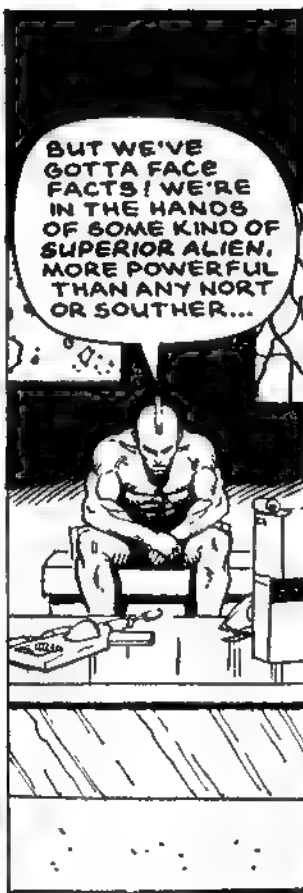
YOU KNOW, THIS PARTY. THE TIMEWAYS, THE FUTURE AND ALL THAT.



OH, SOONER OR LATER.



NEXT: NOTHING!

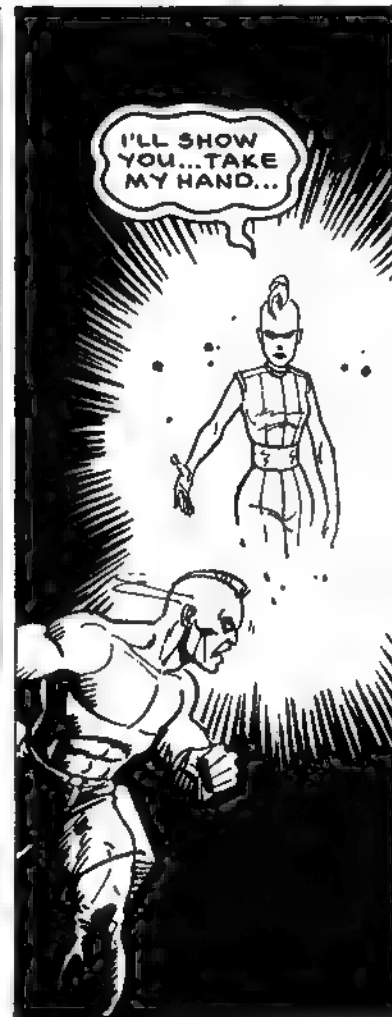


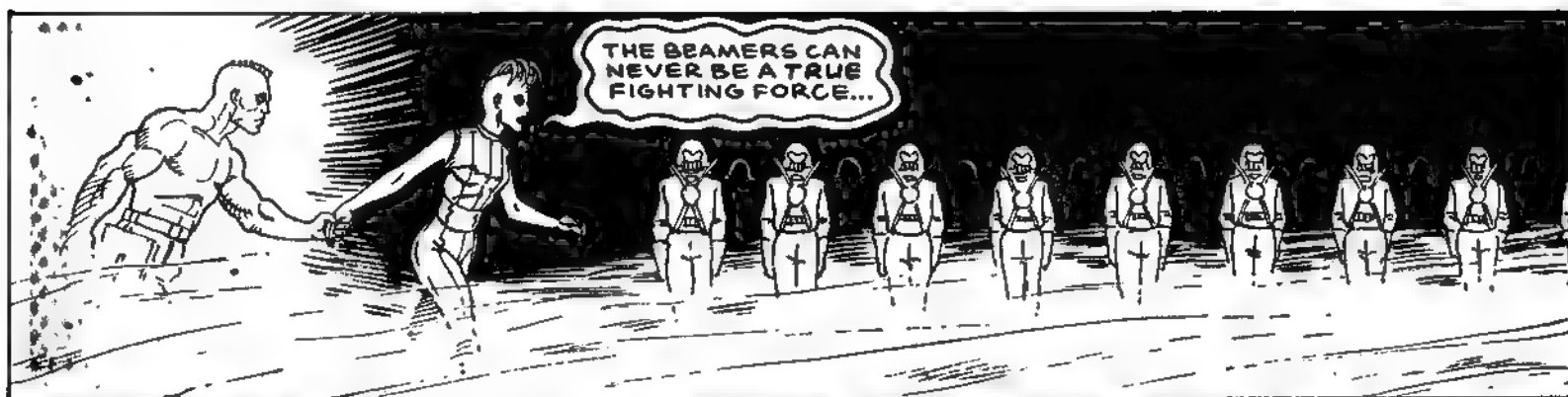
2000AD
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GELLER/MACMANUS
ART ROBOT
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT
GORDON ROBSON
COMPU-73E

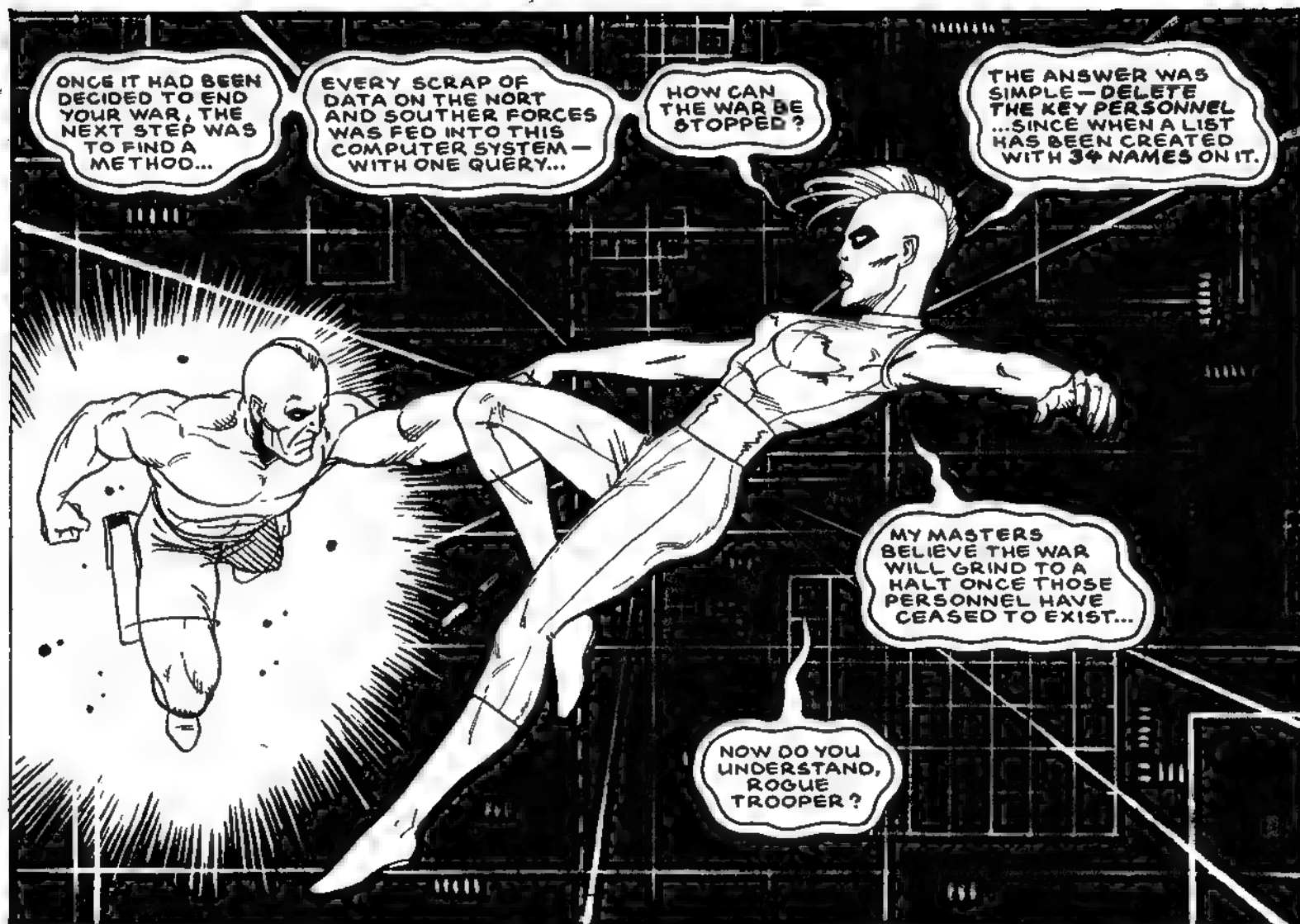


ROGUE
TROOPER

THE HITMAN







ONCE IT HAD BEEN DECIDED TO END YOUR WAR, THE NEXT STEP WAS TO FIND A METHOD...

EVERY SCRAP OF DATA ON THE NORTH AND SOUTHERN FORCES WAS FED INTO THIS COMPUTER SYSTEM — WITH ONE QUERY...

HOW CAN THE WAR BE STOPPED?

THE ANSWER WAS SIMPLE — DELETE THE KEY PERSONNEL... SINCE WHEN A LIST HAS BEEN CREATED WITH 34 NAMES ON IT.

MY MASTERS BELIEVE THE WAR WILL GRIND TO A HALT ONCE THOSE PERSONNEL HAVE CEASED TO EXIST...

NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, ROGUE TROOPER?



I'M STARTIN' TO GET THE PICTURE...

HOW MANY HAVE YOU... WHAT'S THE WORD? DELETED?

EXECUTED, IF YOU PREFER... 21, TO DATE.



WHAT ABOUT THE REST? DID THEY GET A LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE?

THERE WILL BE NO REPRIEVES, ROGUE. BUT A PROBLEM HAS ARISEN... WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE STILL ALIVE...



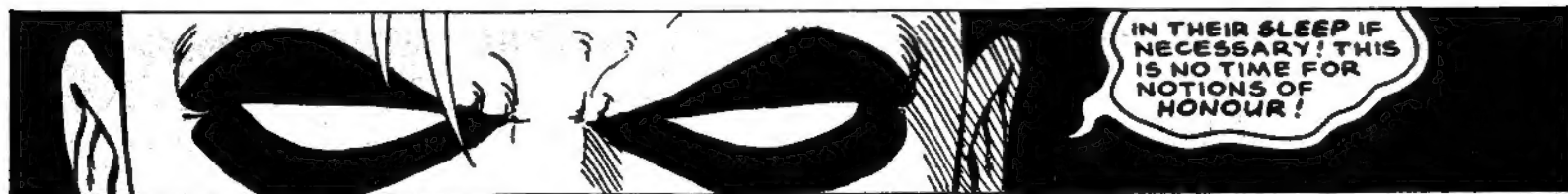
THE REMAINING PERSONNEL HAVE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME THAT AN ASSASSINATION LIST EXISTS — AND THAT THEY'RE ON IT.

SO THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING HARD TO GET? BODYGUARDS, ALARMS, THE WORKS?



THE WORKS, AND OUR LIMITED TROOPS... WELL, THEY'RE SIMPLY NOT UP TO IT.

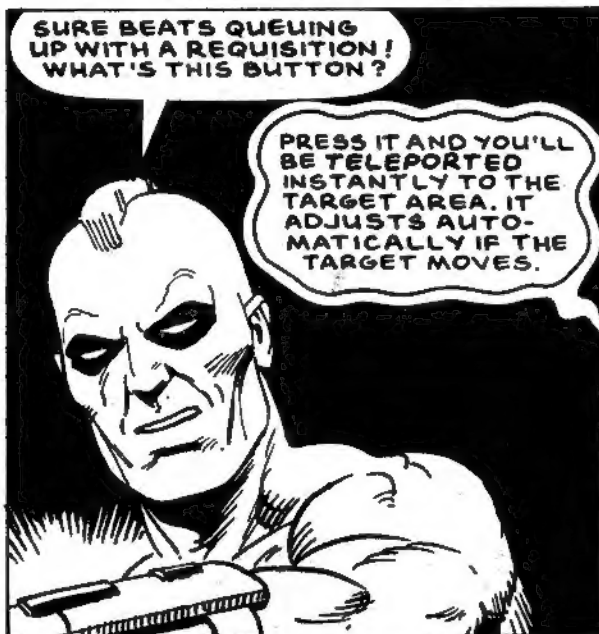
13 TARGETS — TO BE KILLED — BY ME — IN COLD BLOOD IF NECESSARY?



IN THEIR SLEEP IF NECESSARY! THIS IS NO TIME FOR NOTIONS OF HONOUR!



THIS APPARATUS WILL TRANSPORT YOU TO YOUR TARGET AREA. IT GIVES YOU THE TARGET'S NAME AND CURRENT GEO-STATUS.



SURE BEATS QUEUING UP WITH A REQUISITION! WHAT'S THIS BUTTON?

PRESS IT AND YOU'LL BE TELEPORTED INSTANTLY TO THE TARGET AREA. IT ADJUSTS AUTOMATICALLY IF THE TARGET MOVES.



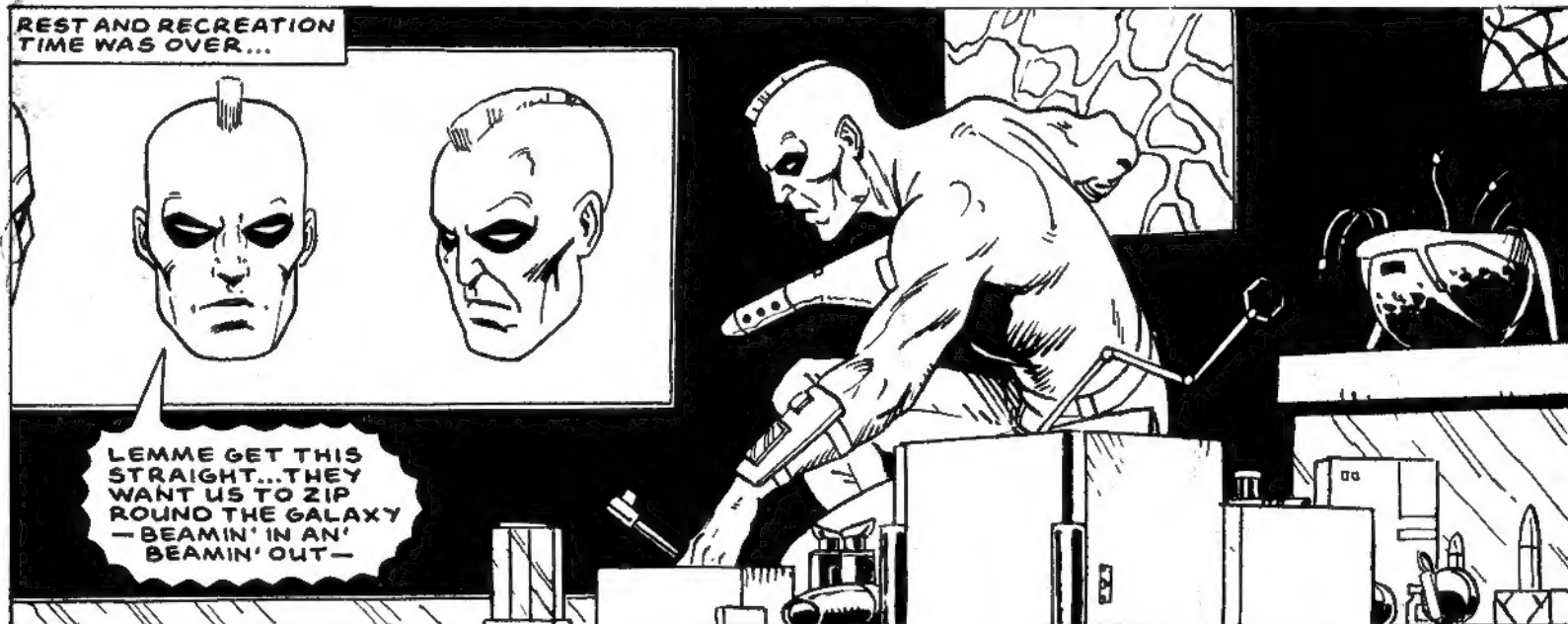
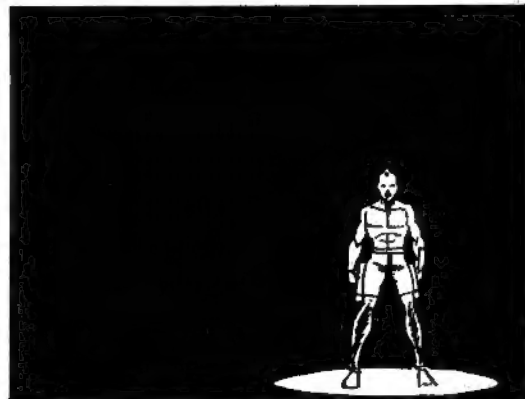
YUANG-TOH...NORTY GENERAL...HE'S FIRST, HUH? I JUST PUSH THE BUTTON AND BLOW HIS HEAD OFF WHEN I SEE HIM—NO QUESTIONS ASKED?



THIS ISN'T A GAME, ROGUE! IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO END THE WAR—TO END ALL WARS!



THINK ABOUT IT... ISN'T THIS WHAT DESTINY CREATED YOU FOR? ISN'T THIS THE REAL YOU—THE ANGEL OF DEATH?



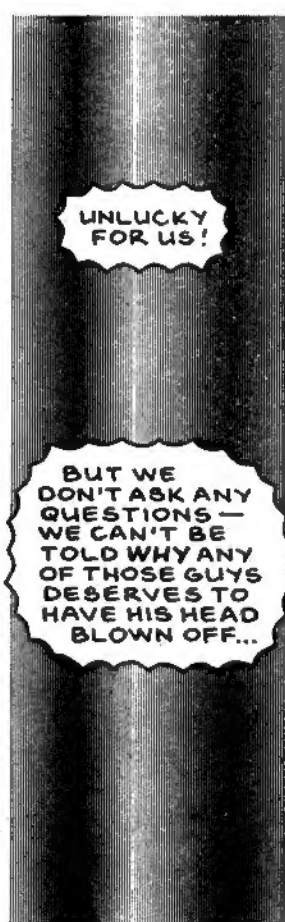
REST AND RECREATION TIME WAS OVER...

LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT...THEY WANT US TO ZIP ROUND THE GALAXY—BEAMIN' IN AN' BEAMIN' OUT—



—AN' THEY WANT
US TO KNOCK OFF
A DOZEN GUYS
FROM EITHER
SIDE.

NOT A
DOZEN
—13.



UNLUCKY
FOR US!

BUT WE
DON'T ASK ANY
QUESTIONS —
WE CAN'T BE
TOLD WHY ANY
OF THOSE GUYS
DESERVES TO
HAVE HIS HEAD
BLOWN OFF...



BUT WHEN HE'S
DEAD, WE ZIP
OFF TO FIND
ANOTHER POOR
JERK — AN' WE
MURDER HIM
TOO, RIGHT?

RIGHT.



BUT WE FEEL
REAL GOOD
ABOUT IT, 'CAUSE
WE KNOW WE'RE
HELPING TO
END THE WAR...

'THOUGH WE
DON'T HAVE
A CLUE HOW
WE'RE
HELPING!

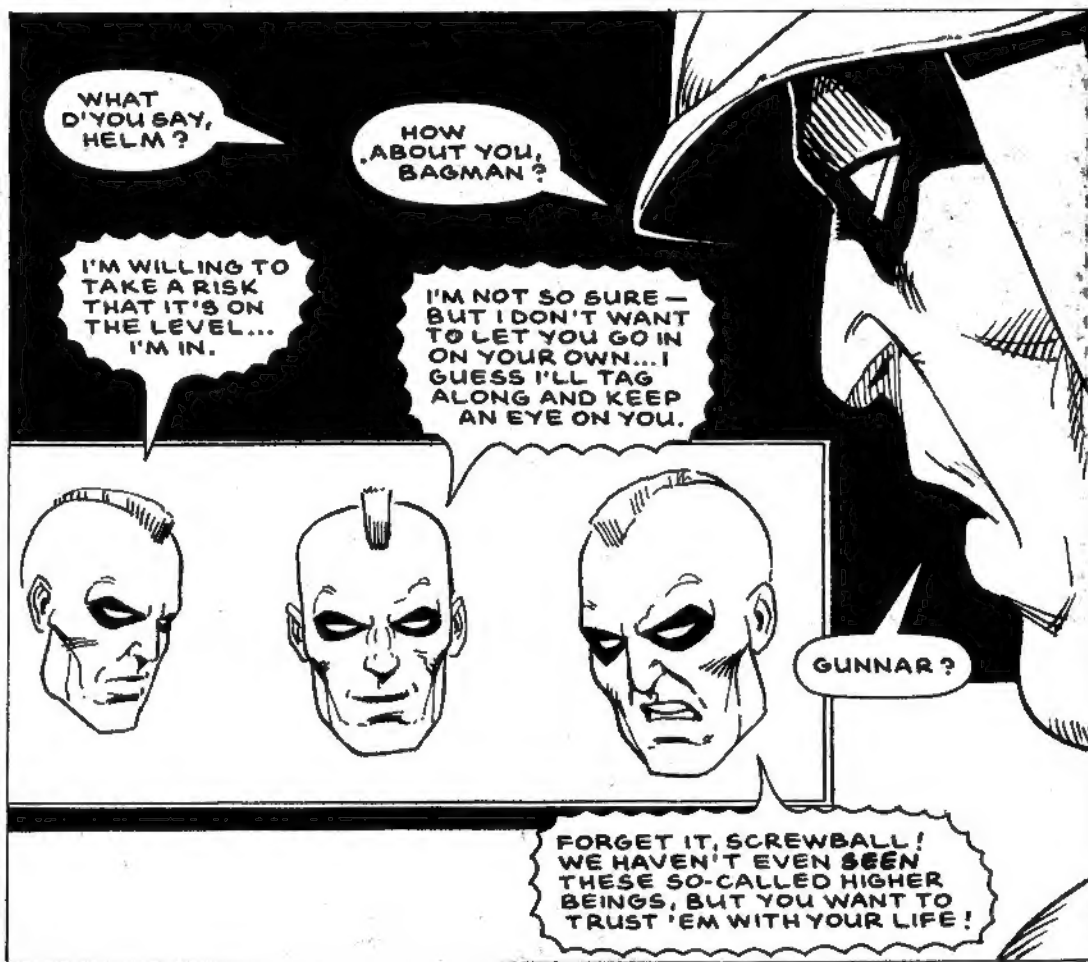


RIGHT?

RIGHT.



LISTEN UP...YOU HAVE TO
BELIEVE WE'VE A CHANCE
TO STOP THIS HELL-WAR
ONCE AND FOR ALL — BUT
I CAN'T MAKE THE DECISION
FOR YOU.



WHAT
D'YOU SAY,
HELM?

HOW
ABOUT YOU,
BAGMAN?

I'M WILLING TO
TAKE A RISK
THAT IT'S ON
THE LEVEL...
I'M IN.

I'M NOT SO SURE —
BUT I DON'T WANT
TO LET YOU GO IN
ON YOUR OWN... I
GUESS I'LL TAG
ALONG AND KEEP
AN EYE ON YOU.

GUNNAR?

FORGET IT, SCREWBALL!
WE HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN
THESE SO-CALLED HIGHER
BEINGS, BUT YOU WANT TO
TRUST 'EM WITH YOUR LIFE!



INTRODUCING THE TREMENDOUS TRIO

CHARLES 'THE BRAIN'
HENRY 'MUSCLES'
AND
PETER K. BOT

CHARLES, HENRY AND PETER K. BOT
HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THEIR
BOX TO SORT OUT AN URGENT
PROBLEM. THERE IS A ROGUE
VACUUM-CLEANER RUNNING WILD
IN THE LIVING ROOM, AND THE
MISSION IS TO **SEEK OUT
AND DISABLE!!**

RIGHT, MEN,
GO GET IT!

HERE'S WHAT
WE'RE GOING
TO DO, BOYS.

LOOK
OUT!

LEAVE IT
TO ME.

WELL DONE,
CHAPS!

OH, IT WAS
NOTHING,
REALLY.

WHAT YOU MIGHT
CALL A SUCCESSFUL
CLEAN-UP
OPERATION, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY?

BEEP, BEEP,
BEEP...



CHARLES is the brainy one. He can sing, dance, draw and write. His infra-red remote control means that you can operate him from up to 40 feet away. And his long memory (40 commands) can also be programmed.

HENRY's got brains and muscle. He moves on tough tank tracks and his two arms can hold thin objects. He has a 48-command programmable memory governed by a 25-key on-board keyboard.

PETER K. BOT can sing and dance and move round in funny circles. His arms can carry light things and his memory can be programmed with up to 18 commands.

Ask those nice people at Systema about where you can buy Charles (CR200), Henry (CR300) and Peter K. Bot (CR400). Post the coupon today.

Name _____
Address _____

AD6/12

SYSTEMA COMPUROBOTS

YOUR FRIENDLY BRAIN TEASERS

Systema (UK) Ltd, 12 Albury Close, Loverock Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG3 1BB Tel: (0734) 502223